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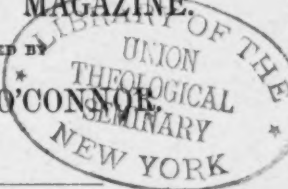
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THE  
**CONVERTED CATHOLIC.**


A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

FATHER O'CONNOR.



I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Mary, suffered Pilate, was crucified; the third day the dead; he heaven, and sitteth of God the Father thence he shall quick and the



born of the Virgin under Pontius fied, dead and bur- he rose again from ascended into at the right hand Almighty, from come to judge the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

PUBLISHED BY

JAMES A. O'CONNOR,

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The fund for purchasing a Church building to be known as the Reformed Catholic Church has reached \$1,200. All who desire to contribute, or to collect subscriptions for it, please address,

JAMES A. O'CONNOR, 60 Bible House, New York.

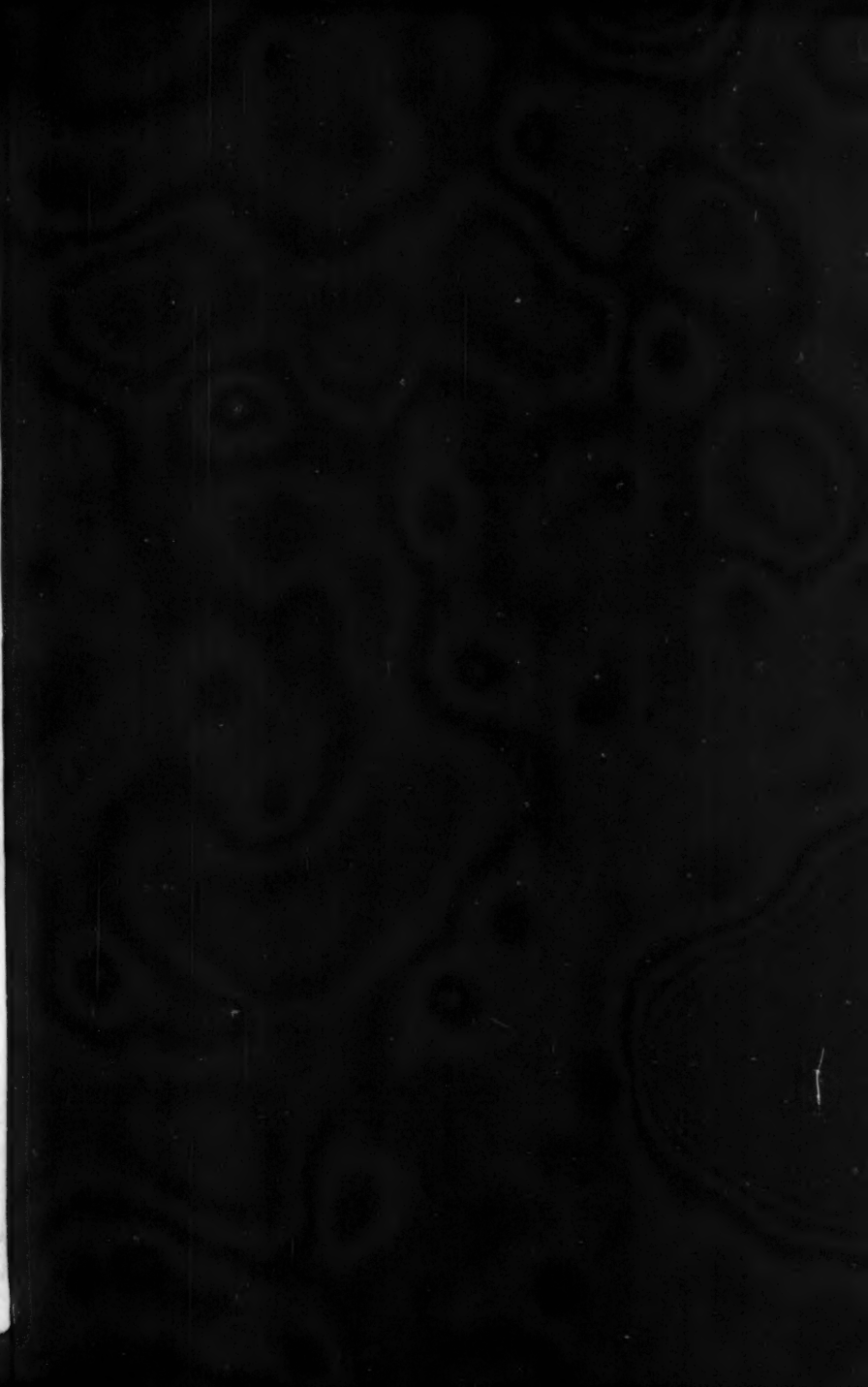
In view of the fact that for the last few weeks Father McNamara, or "Bishop" McNamara as he calls himself, has been the subject of newspaper comment, on account of his arrest for criminal libel in slandering a Protestant lady in Brooklyn, who sued him in the courts for defamation of character, it is necessary for us to repeat what we said in the issue of this Magazine for February: That he has not been connected with the Reformed or Independent Catholic Church since November, 1881. In that month he became a member of the Centennial Baptist Church, Brooklyn, of which Rev. Justin D. Fulton is pastor, after making a profession of faith and being immersed. From his subsequent career it appears that even this step could not cure him of his natural "crankiness." If any persons still imagine that he is connected with this Reformed Catholic movement they are deceived. We presume Dr. Fulton can tell of McNamara's standing in his Church.

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60 Bible House, New York.





# The Converted Catholic.

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MAY, 1884.

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As THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC goes into the hands of many Roman Catholics, we request the prayers of all Christian friends for the blessing of the Lord upon its readers and contributors, and that wisdom might be given us in conducting it.

We are encouraged by testimony on every side that we are in the line of doing a great work in this special field for the conversion of Roman Catholics. As we write these lines the following letter reaches us:

EAST HAVEN, CONN., April 19th, 1884.

REV. FATHER O'CONNOR:

*Dear Sir:*—I have been circulating my copies of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC every month after reading them, and I think they have been the means of doing great good. Here is an instance: A girl named Katie W——, living in a family here, became so interested in the February number that she wishes to subscribe for the magazine for a year. She says every word in it is true. That I think is a great testimony for an intelligent Roman Catholic. I enclose the subscription for her copy.

I have called on our pastor, Rev. D. J. Clark, and after he had seen a copy he also handed me his subscription (which I send you) for THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for one year.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. E. A. WALKER.

During the last month we have received forty letters bearing similar testimony to the value of the work we are trying to do among our Roman Catholic brethren. And from the religious and secular press we receive such encouragement that we know our friends will be pleased to read what is said of our efforts. We have space for only two notices this month. *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, Mass., the official paper of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England, of which the Rev. Dr. Bradford K. Pierce is editor in chief, says in its issue of April 16th, 1884: "Rev. James A. O'Connor, now a Protestant minister, late a Roman Catholic priest, who seems to be accomplishing excellent service in New York City, publishes a monthly periodical entitled **THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC**. It is filled with striking illustrations of the nature and success of his evangelical work among Romanists. Some of the incidents are very pathetic and bear marks of the genuine work of the Spirit."

And the secular press is not less hearty in its commendation. *The Daily Standard*, Bridgeport, Conn., says in its issue of April 19th, 1884: "**THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC**, a monthly magazine, edited by Father O'Connor, is the title of a new magazine sent us from New York. It is the organ of those Reformed Catholics who have been making so much progress for the past few years, and is composed chiefly, if not entirely, of short articles written by the priests, who have not formally become members of Protestant churches, but who having left the Roman Catholic Church, prefer to remain independent of all other churches, deeming that course the wisest method they can adopt to carry on their evangelical work for the enlightenment and conversion of their Roman Catholic brethren. We commend this magazine to the attention of all those who are interested in that subject. It costs but one dollar a year, and can be obtained by addressing James A. O'Connor, No. 60 Bible House, New York."

## NUNS LEAVING CONVENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

One of the most active workers in the Reformed Catholic Church in New York is a quiet, retiring, modest lady who was a nun in the convent in Third Street conducted by the "Sisters of the Holy Redeemer." There are a dozen or more "Redemptorist Fathers" attached to the church which adjoins the convent. It was in this convent that the panic occurred among the school children some months ago, whereby the lives of fourteen little children were sacrificed. The coroner's inquest showed how incompetent those "Sisters" were in the management of the children. This is not to be wondered at, when none of them ever had a child of her own, or if she had, was afraid and ashamed to own it. But this lady who has come out of that convent and joined the Reformed Catholic Church has led such an unobtrusive life since that she is little known outside the circle of the regular members of the church. And she shrinks from publicity to such a degree that it was only by kind encouragement on the part of other ladies that she could be induced to speak at our prayer meetings. When she first arose at a testimony meeting she handed us the rosary (beads), scapular, agnus dei, an image exquisitely carved out of bone, and two crucifixes and medals, all of which she had worn in the convent. These "idols of Rome" we keep as trophies gained in this holy war against that "man of sin, who sitteth in the temple of God showing himself to be God." We have similar trophies received from other members of our church who

were Roman Catholics, one medal in particular that we prize because it was put in the collection basket at one of our Sabbath services by some timid Roman Catholic who desired to express conversion from Rome in that way.

In time we hope this lady who has lately come to us will give us and our readers her experience of convent life. But we warn her that although she is now esteemed and respected by all who know her, as soon as she tells us what she saw and heard in the cloistered life, all the Roman Catholic papers in the country will say that she was "turned out" of the convent, or that she is insane, and of course unworthy of belief. In anticipation of this it strikes us as a good idea to get her examined as to her sanity by such experts as Drs. Hammond and Agnew, and to get the affidavits of a number of the most respectable citizens who know her as a lady of unblemished reputation, and file them away for future use.

But leaving this lady for the present to her quiet work in the Reformed Catholic Church, we have before us the experience of a nun in a convent that is truly startling. We would say it is the most recent development of convent life, but before this reaches the hands of our readers we have no doubt similar revelations will be made public by other victims of Popish institutions. In cases of this kind it must be remembered that young girls who enter convents are generally the quietest and most retiring members of a family, and that it must be an uncontrollable sense of wrong, injustice or deception, that forces them to speak when they come out of them. But when one has had the courage to leave, others are sure to be inspired by the good example. About the



middle of April the following despatch appeared in the daily papers throughout the United States:

THE STORY OF AN ESCAPED NUN.

BALTIMORE, April 14th.—Miss Mary Magdalen Windsor, formerly a Sister of Charity, whose escape from the convent here was made public a few days ago, was called upon by a press correspondent to-day. The young lady was reluctant at first to converse with any one connected with newspapers, and she consented to an interview only on the understanding that the mother superior of the convent should also be interviewed. All she desired to do was to warn the public against the convent life. While conversing with Miss Windsor, Mrs. Louis Farmer, a married sister of the former, entered the parlor, and that lady volunteered to give the following as the facts in the case: "Our parents were both Methodists and all three of my sisters and myself were raised in the Methodist faith. Several years after Mamie was born a Catholic friend of ours induced my mother to attend an evening service at a Roman Catholic Church in Annapolis, Md. Well, mother was so impressed with what she saw and heard that she determined to go again and take all the children. In less than a month we were all receiving instructions from the priest who had charge of the church, and soon after we were baptized. Mamie seemed to take more interest in the religion than any of the other girls, and frequently would sit up late at night reading Roman Catholic works. She was naturally bright and had an ambition rare for one of her age. At last, when but sixteen years of age, a bright-eyed, handsome girl, she astonished the family by declaring one morning at the breakfast-table her intention to enter a convent. My

mother opposed the step, but Mamie replied, 'Ma, I have made up my mind, and believe it to be my vocation. It is not the decision of an hour or a day, but a decision arrived at after a year's careful deliberation and counsel with the priests at the Notre Dame, which convent I propose to enter.' All efforts to prevent her doing as she said were unavailing. We tried every means to induce her to change her mind. As a last resort I handed her a copy of Edith O'Gorman's book, 'Escaped from a Convent.' Mamie became greatly angered, and it was with difficulty I prevented her from burning the book. She upbraided me severely for even having the book in my possession, and termed it an outrage on the Roman Catholic religion. Finding she was determined to enter the convent, my mother and sisters acquiesced, and in 1881 she entered the Notre Dame convent. I visited her several times, and she often told me of the brutal things practiced by the sisters. After a brief sojourn at the above institution she was sent to Mount Hope, an asylum for the insane near Baltimore in charge of the sisters. Here Mamie said the Sisters of Charity would look on with apparent unconcern while the brutal keepers would strike with their fists or with a lash the poor lunatics who did not know what they were doing. Of course she knew it was necessary to be severe at times, but there was no cause for knocking the poor insane creatures senseless and then dragging them to their rooms and throwing them upon the floor, leaving them alone, moaning piteously. In August, 1881, my sister Mamie made a full profession and was given the name of Sister Incz. She then went to St. John's parochial school, on Valley street. While there she was forced to put up with all sorts of slights and incon-

veniences. One day she was ordered to scrub the floor. She was scrubbing the best she knew how, when another sister entered the room and remarked that she was slighting her work and not getting the floor clean. Mamie replied that it was the best she could do, whereupon the sister threw the bucket of dirty water over her and drove her from the room. Another time, after a heavy snow storm, she, together with two other sisters, was ordered to clean the snow out of the yard of the institution. They obeyed. After the work was finished Sister Frances, the sister superior, told all to drink some whiskey to prevent their catching cold. Two sisters drank the liquor, but Mamie objected to do so. Sister Frances became angry and replied, 'Very well, then catch cold and die.'" After the conclusion of Mrs. Farmer's statement the correspondent turned to Miss Windsor and asked her if she indorsed all her sister had said. Miss Windsor replied, "Yes, but my sister has not told you half the great wrong the Sisters of Charity have committed in my presence." Miss Windsor then said: "Another thing I want to say is this: The statement that the Sisters of Charity do not get enough to eat is untrue, for they live high, and nothing is too good or costly for them. They purchase the choicest meats and vegetables, and get the first that comes to the market." Sister Superior Frances was also called upon by your correspondent. She remarked that she had read the charges preferred by Miss Windsor and was astonished at them. She denied that any one ran after Miss Windsor when she ran away; that one of the sisters called to her and asked her where she was going at that unseemly hour, but nothing more than that. Sister Frances said she had no hard feelings toward

Miss Windsor, and hoped she would lead a useful and honorable life; further than that she would not converse on the subject. The case has attracted considerable attention, and is freely discussed in religious circles. Mrs. Farmer and Miss Windsor are highly esteemed and respected. Owing to the annoyance occasioned by the publicity given to the matter, Mrs. Farmer has removed to her country-seat on Willow Avenue, Baltimore County, Md. Miss Windsor leaves to night for Annapolis, Md., where she will reside with her mother.

Two days later, April 16th, 1884, the *New York Sun* had the following despatch:

“GROSS IMMORALITIES OF ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS  
AND NUNS.

“ANNAPOLIS, April 15th, 1884.—Miss Mary Magdalen Windsor, of Annapolis, recently a member of a Roman Catholic sisterhood, lectured here to-night on the ‘Secrets of a Convent.’ She named several prominent priests of Baltimore and one formerly of Annapolis and charged them, together with Sisters of Charity, with gross immoralities.”

The other daily papers gave more space to the despatches on the same subject, but the most accurate we have seen is the following, sent, like the others, by the Associated Press:

SECRETS OF THE CONVENT.

BALTIMORE, MD., April 16th.—A large audience, among whom the females predominated, assembled in Masonic temple at Annapolis, Md., last evening, to hear Mary Windsor, formerly Sister Inez, lecture on the “Secrets of the Convent.” The trim little figure

of the lecturer, was duly applauded as it appeared before the audience. She was attired in a plain black dress, her hair combed back; the only article of jewelry being a plain gold pin at the throat. There was apparently no studied attempt at display, but for all that she could not have presented a more favorable appearance. After making a careful survey of those before her, she began by giving a history of her life, and then to recite her experiences while at Mount Hope. She related several instances of mal-treatment of patients in that institution, charging that the sisters laughed while the attendants were flogging them. From there she said she went to Emmettsburg, where she remained seven months. Here she said she was compelled to get on her knees and beg for water. Other similar humiliations she recited that she was subjected to. From here she went to the school attached to St. John's church, where a priest, she said, made protestations of love to her, until he was sent to Virginia by Archbishop Gibbons. She went over the whole ground of her trials and troubles, which have already been published. Sister Frances, of St. John's, came in for the greatest share of censure. One priest, whose name she gave, was charged with trying to induce her to run away with him, while another, she said, invaded the privacy of her chamber one night while she was retiring. The rest of the lecture consisted of similar statements, all more or less derogatory to the sisterhood. Father Wynn, the rector of the Roman Catholic church in Annapolis, was visited by the reporter to-day, in reference to the lecture of Mary Windsor. He declined to make any comments, saying that to speak or discuss the subject was beneath his dignity, and he would only

be lowering himself if he condescended to notice it. If the community, he said, choose to believe a slip of a girl of her standard they might do so. Before she made public her intention to lecture she had come to him, informing him of the facts, to which he replied that he knew she was foolish, but if she wanted the public to know it he supposed he could not prevent her.

Opening the "Catholic Directory" for this year we find that Rev. Andrew Wynn, C. SS. R. (Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer—Redemptorist Fathers), is rector of the church in Annapolis, and that he is assisted by several other "holy fathers" of the same order. We have known several Redemptorists while a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and they were the least "dignified" of any priests we encountered. Some of them could drink more beer, wine and whisky than any equal number of secular priests in Chicago. How they could gratify their brutal instincts in other ways the poor girl who has publicly branded them with infamy shows in her lecture.

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### BLOOD MONEY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

There are 10,000 rum shops in New York City, 7,000 of which pay license for carrying on their nefarious traffic. 6,500 of the latter are in the hands of Irish and German Roman Catholics, and it may be safely assumed that members of that Church exclusively run the unlicensed dens. While the writer was a Roman Catholic priest he received more money for masses from saloon-keepers and their wives than from all other

sources combined. They were sincere Romanists and believed that some way or other God would overlook the crime of selling the vile stuff if they could get the priest on their side. This they invariably succeeded in doing by liberal contributions to all church purposes. The annual fair and lottery in every Roman Catholic Church in the United States is not the only occasion when such contributions are made.

In the privacy of the confessional it often occurs that the priest has money forced upon him by these people. To the young and conscientious priest there is something like sacrilege in accepting such money and offering up the Lord Jesus Christ in the sacrifice of the mass for the sins of such persons. But as he gets accustomed to the ways of the Church of Rome all scruples vanish, and he will accept not only money but whatever else he can get. There was a priest in Chicago named Frelich who used to boast that while he was pastor of St. Peter's Church in Clark Street he used to receive an average of \$10,000 a year from the inmates of the bad-houses in the vicinity of the church. Part of this money he gave to other priests to say the masses for the "intentions" of the unfortunates. The writer was present on one occasion when Father Frelich enclosed one hundred dollars of such money in a letter to Bishop Foley of Chicago, requesting him to have masses for that amount said "for the intentions of the donors," and Frelich added, as he sealed the letter, that he knew some of the "intentions" were for an increase of patronage. But all this was part of the secret workings of the "holy Church of Rome."

Another method of contributing to the support of the Roman Catholic institutions, in addition to the funds

received privately by priests and by nuns begging in the saloons, is what is known as the "Excise Money," the license fees paid by the saloon-keepers. The greater part of this money is handed over to the Roman Catholic Church by the city authorities of New York. At the meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment held April 21st, 1884, the following sums were voted to Roman Catholic institutions for the month:

Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, \$11,625; St. Francis' Hospital, \$7,656; Society of St. Vincent de Paul, \$6,750; Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, \$5,635; St. Joseph's Home, in charge of the Sisters of Charity, \$4,270; St. Vincent's Hospital, \$1,975; St. Mary's Hospital, \$1,531; St. Joseph's Hospital, \$1,500; St. Mary's Lodging House, \$495. [We know that proselyting is carried on in this Lodging House, and that poor Protestant girls and women who applied there for shelter were turned away because they would not pray to the statue of the Virgin Mary or join in the recitation of the rosary.] Asylum of St. Vincent de Paul, \$.37; Dominican Convent of our Lady of the Rosary, \$475; St. Vincent's School for Girls, \$245.

The list is too long to proceed any further. The total reaches up to \$45,000, and this sum falls short of the regular monthly appropriation. The rum-seller, seeing how his license money is used, has some ground for his boast that he is a public benefactor. Without such money, he says, those institutions would be compelled to turn a deaf ear to the cry of the sick and destitute. Of course he does not see that his rum-hole is the main cause of the destitution that prevails among his co-religionists. The "Church" lives and grows on the foulness of the weak and vicious elements of the community, and the Cardinal and his priests profit by it.



## FATHER O'CONNOR IN ROCHESTER.

Some Christian friends, ministers and laymen, in Rochester, N. Y., who are as deeply interested in the conversion of the Roman Catholics as they are strenuously opposed to the arrogant assumptions and encroachments of the Church of Rome in that city, had long desired to have Father O'Connor preach and lecture there. Accordingly he went to Rochester the first week in April, and was so kindly received by Protestants and Catholics that he determined to establish a branch of the Reformed Catholic Church there at no distant day. The press of that city, even the *Union*, the editor of which is one of the leading Roman Catholics in the State, treated him with marked courtesy and fairness. Some of their reports of his discourses ought to find a place in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC, though they must necessarily be condensed.

The *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* of April 3d, which headed its report, "The Way of Salvation," said:

A large and intelligent audience assembled at the Academy of Music last evening to listen to the address of Rev. Father James A. O'Connor, of New York, pastor of the Reformed Catholic Church of that city. Rev. Dr. Cushing presided. Upon being introduced, Rev. Mr. O'Connor was greeted with hearty applause. He is an intelligent and earnest man, and his words bear evidence of a warm heart and a pure conscience. They are evidently the result of mature judgment and sincere conviction. His earnest, eloquent manner, with an occasional sandwich of genuine Irish wit, held the closest attention of the audience, and called forth frequent outbursts of applause.

In commencing his lecture, Father O'Connor said that the Roman Catholic Church had made many alterations and additions to Christianity, but that God had raised up men who protested against these changes which had been made in the Word of God. "I discovered," said the speaker, "as a Roman Catholic priest that this system, while nominally Christian, has erred in many respects, and proved an obstacle rather than a help in the way of salvation. The history of the world shows that wherever Romanism has been predominant the people have not advanced in civilization. Where the true religion of God has prevailed there has been progress and enlightenment. In our day, the general enlightenment, the march of events, and the progress of civilization are uniting to cause the Roman Catholics to incline towards pure Christianity." The speaker referred to the zeal of the Roman Catholics in their religion, but said their energy was not based on knowledge. "The Roman Catholics," said he, "act according to the teachings of others. The people look to the priests for salvation. The thought is contained in the axiom, 'No priest, no sacrament; no sacrament, no salvation.' The priest is absolutely essential during their lives. To be saved a person must be baptized by a priest. The Roman Catholic has sinned. What is he to do? The Bible says repent. But he has not had the Bible to refer to. He must go to the priest. He must confess to him although the sin has been committed in the sight of God and not of the priest. He must seek pardon and absolution from the priest. When death is approaching the priest is sent for to open the doors of Heaven. God does not use such instrumentality. The Roman Catholic Church stands between the people and

their God. We claim that God has extended the canopy of his love over all and that no one is to be shut out by Pope or priest. What separates the Christian people and the Roman Catholics? It is not the Word of God or the spirit of Christ. Whatever differences there are between them, whatever lines are drawn between them, are the work of the Roman Catholic Church. Romanism says: 'I am the true Church. All others are heretics and followers of rebels.' Do you wonder that the Roman Catholics have not been inspired by the love of Christ? that they are unprogressive? The Roman Catholic sentiment is dying. The sooner it dies the better, that we may have religious liberty and freedom to worship God in spirit and in truth, as he has commanded us, and as Jesus Christ, his Son, our Saviour, has lovingly invited us. Whosoever will may come to him to obtain mercy without asking permission of the Pope or his priests." The speaker further referred to the Pope, and said among other things: "The Pope says, 'Here is the truth of God, but it is not for you unless I set my seal upon it.'" Father O'Connor said that the Roman Catholics obey the dictates of the Church rather than the commands of God. Numbers of them could be found who would continually violate the command, "Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain," but who could not be induced to touch meat on Friday. As there were many Irish Catholics present the speaker referred to Ireland, and said that country could never be free while it was subject to Roman priests. "Can any people," said the speaker, "be free whose souls are in the keeping of those who have always throttled liberty?"

Taking the Bible in his hand, the speaker said he had

a God-given right to look into it to see what a loving Father had done for the salvation of his people. Before him there was perfect equality; he was no respecter of persons, and to him alone were men responsible for their souls' salvation. In days gone by brave men who had been Catholic priests like the speaker had opened this blessed Book, and the world was blessed by the knowledge it received of God's love and mercy. He was proud to stand in line with those heroic reformers, Wycklif, Luther, Calvin and thousands of others; and in our day many Roman Catholic priests are taking the same stand, more in the present generation than at any period since the great Reformation.

Rome was doomed because that Church all through the ages had hindered rather than helped the people in availing themselves of the graces and merits purchased for them by the blood of Christ. He would point out to his Roman Catholic brethren that coming into the fold of Christ by the door of Rome their lives had not been made brighter or happier, as is the case with every Christian who has direct access to the Saviour. He said that Roman Catholic nations had retrograded and were the least enlightened of the civilized peoples of the earth, while on the other hand Protestant nations were advancing in every element of progress and were destined ultimately to rule the world. America, England and Germany were illustrations of this. The spirit of Christianity was progressive, and man by his very nature knows that there is something more inviting and more noble in store for him than anything the sordid life of earth presents. So the life of the world in our day, so full of activity, is being moulded by a civilization that hinges on Christianity. The man who is enlightened

is prepared to accept the truths of Christianity and enter the open door which it presents and secure his everlasting salvation. Jesus Christ is that open door. Shall a Pope or priest keep us out? He would have his Irish brethren turn their hearts to Jesus Christ, not only to reverence his holy name, but to be saved from all unrighteousness by him and by him alone. Too long have they been directing their gaze to the man in Rome; he has done nothing, can do nothing to uplift them; he is at best a sinful man himself, but Jesus Christ has triumphed over sin and death and will lift up with himself into the presence of the Father all who call upon him.

The speaker would break down the barriers that Rome had set up between its followers and the Christian peoples of the earth, and would tell his Irish brethren what love and mercy awaited them if they would turn from superstition, forsake sin, and open their hearts that Jesus might enter there and abide with them. The Roman Catholic priests asked them to come to them with their sins, their prayers and their longings for the higher and better life of the soul, and then instead of leading them to the Saviour, they pass them on to the Virgin Mary, St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and a thousand and one other "Saints." The priests teach that the promises of God are of no avail unless the Church, or the Pope in person now since he became infallible, approves of them. God's blessings had been shut out from the people while the priesthood and the Roman system had been kept close before their eyes. In conclusion he said he wanted his Roman Catholic brethren to know that he was not opposed to them because he had become a Protestant Christian; he was

opposed to all that was false, idolatrous, and contrary to the Word of God and the Spirit of Christ in the Roman Catholic system. He loved the people who had been cheated and deluded by Rome, and it was because he did so that he preached a living faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ and salvation for their souls through and by him alone.

The same paper next day, April 4th, gave a long report of Father O'Connor's discourse of the previous evening, in which it said :

Plymouth Church (Congregational) was filled with a large audience last evening to listen to the lecture of Rev. James A. O'Connor on his conversion from Romanism. Among those present were a large number of Roman Catholics, all of whom appeared greatly interested in the reverend gentleman's discourse. Mr. O'Connor commenced the service of the evening by requesting the audience to sing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," which was complied with in a hearty manner and with manifest interest. After prayer by the reverend gentleman, he said the large audiences which had greeted him made him feel well acquainted with Rochester people.

[The report of the lecture must be omitted for want of space in this issue of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.]

The report of the last discourse in Rochester is taken from the *Morning Herald* of that city, April 5th, which was in part as follows:

Rev. James A. O'Connor delivered his farewell lecture in the City Hall last night. Half an hour before the speaker appeared every seat and the aisles were filled. It was one of the largest audiences that ever gathered in the City Hall, and it was calculated that more than

half those present were Roman Catholics. After the singing of two hymns and an eloquent prayer by Rev. Dr. Riggs, Father O'Connor commenced his address. It was unlike his former lectures, in that his reference to the Roman Church was only incidental. It was, in fact, an eloquent Gospel sermon, and the service was conducted precisely as Father O'Connor conducts all his meetings in New York. Towards the close he made a plea for liberty of speech and thought, and disputed the Pope's right to form our religious opinions. Said he, "We need not ask President Arthur or Mayor Parsons how we should pray. Then why should we ask the Pope in Rome how we should pray? I plead above all things for liberty of conscience. I say, away with the Italian Popes and their superstitions and let my Irish brethren go free." At this point the speaker received the hearty applause of the audience and was obliged to stop. Before he could commence again a persistent voice near the door attracted his attention, and he turned to inquire what was wanted. "I want you to repeat what you said at Plymouth Church," said the interrupter. "Is that what you want of me?" "No; we want a fight," was the reply. At this juncture some one on the platform said, "Speak to the audience," when Father O'Connor grew indignant and said, "I am speaking to all, and if any here don't like the way I speak to these Roman Catholics he can leave the hall." The admirable tact displayed in this was apparent immediately in the quiet that ensued. Father O'Connor concluded with a brief review of his work in New York. He thanked the people for their cordial greeting and hearty support, and Rev. Dr. Cushing dismissed the audience with the benediction. The large and excited crowd dispersed with

considerable excitement, but there was only one opinion even among the Roman Catholics as to the sincerity, earnestness and ability of the speaker. Father O'Connor has evidently made many friends in Rochester, even among those who might naturally be expected to be opposed to him.

Just before the commencement of the lecture a stout-built, smooth-faced man, wearing a fur cap, approached the *Herald* reporter and told him to publish the following: "A strange gentleman was upon the platform, who wore all the appearance of a Catholic clergyman and seemed to be taken by Father O'Connor's address. We have reason to state that we shall hear more of his previous career in the future." The stranger was apparently under considerable excitement during the lecture, and afterwards said that he could scarcely restrain himself from addressing the audience. After the lecture the reporter overheard Father O'Connor remark that the same stranger was a priest and president of a Catholic college, and that they had an appointment to meet in the Clinton Hotel parlors. The reporter, acting on the hint, hastened over to the Clinton Hotel and found the stranger, who was too impatient for the arrival of Father O'Connor to bother the reporter with questions as to the object of the latter's call. After a desultory conversation, the stranger said he was Father Kelly, president of St. Brendan's College, Ireland, and that it was his firm intention to join the reform movement under the guidance of Father O'Connor. He had, he said, been dissatisfied with the old faith, and it was that, really, that prompted his present visit to America, although ill-health was ostensibly the cause. About one year ago he was on the verge of joining the



"Bible Christians," as they are called, but was finally persuaded to remain in the Roman Church by the Archbishop of Toronto. He remained with the Church, he said, waiting until a better opportunity presented itself. But now he could wait no longer, and was ready to address a public audience in Rochester at once if it was deemed advisable.

During this conversation Father O'Connor and a friend arrived. Father O'Connor said: "Are you willing to come with us?" and Father Kelly answered: "Yes; I have had enough of the Roman Catholic Church. Your discourse has convinced me that you are right in the stand you have taken. If men desire to be saved they must come out of it. Have you work for me?" Father O'Connor answered that he could find his new coadjutor work at once, though they were not in a financial condition to do half what they desired. But if he would come to them believing in the Lord with all his heart and soul, he would surely provide. Father O'Connor now started with others, who had come in, for the central depot, and the reporter accompanied Father Kelly and a young clergyman to the priest's room at the Whitcomb House. Here Father Kelly remarked that when it became known that he had joined the reform movement, an effort would probably be made to assail his character or deny his previous standing in the Roman Church, and he would like to show a few letters he had in his possession. Following is an exact copy of one of them:

TORONTO, ST. PAUL'S, January, 1884.—The Rev. M. E. Kelly, D.D., has been assistant in this parish for the last six months. He is an able, successful priest, and

he leaves this diocese without any censure as far as I am aware.

J. D. MAHONY,

Bishop of Eudocia, Auxiliary to the Archbishop.

The letters shown the reporter were addressed, 'Rev. Father Kelly, President St. Brendan's College, St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo.' Father Kelly stated that he had been the guest of the bishop of Buffalo, where his baggage was, and that he had sent a telegram to that city last night directing the bishop to forward his effects to Rochester at once. It will be remembered that Dr. Kelly delivered a lecture on the 'Ireland of To-day,' in the Roman Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception in Rochester on the 16th of last March, and that a report of it was published in this paper.

The short time allowed the two clergymen for consultation did not permit them to determine upon any definite plans for the future, but it is probable from what they said that they will both return to this city in a short time and conduct a series of meetings."

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### WHY I CANNOT BE A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

During my visit to Pittsburg in March, I made it a special subject of prayer and study that I should preach Christ and him crucified to the Roman Catholics. This I did in the largest hall in that city, and in churches of all denominations for ten days. I did not revile the followers of the Pope, for as St. Patrick said at the time of his conversion, "the Spirit of God was warm within me." Christians of all denominations were edified and pleased, and even the most staunch Protestants said that

such a method was the best that could be adopted for winning over the people from Popery.

The Romans came to hear me in large numbers. They were astonished that I did not revile them and call upon the American people to organize a crusade against them. But the "baser sort," the Jesuitical party, who had set traps for me but who were foiled in their schemes, took a new line of attack. As I did not blackguard even them they went about saying I was a good man and preached only what was good for all men, Protestants and Catholics, therefore I would surely return to the Roman Catholic faith. One of them, a Mr. N. N. Dale, called on me to tell me so, and after I had left Pittsburg he sent a communication to that effect to one of the Pittsburg daily papers. That article was printed in the last number of this magazine. It was, like the Roman Catholic faith in general, half truth and half falsehood. It was wholly false in its assumption that because I was a Christian and a gentleman, like the brethren who are associated with me in the Reformed Catholic Church work, I ought to return to the faith of Rome. Why, one of the reasons that induced me to leave that Church was that I could neither be a Christian nor a decent man in it. Every line I have written, and every sermon and lecture I have delivered for the last six years prove this. Can any person be a Christian who eats his God every time he receives communion, or can any man be pure in heart and decent in morals who consorts with Roman priests? He cannot. Let Mr. Dale and other Roman Catholics continue to read *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* and, by God's blessing, they will see that I shall not return to the idolatries of Rome, but that, if they desire to be saved, they must also come out of that Babylon.

*(Continued from page 198.)*

and conversing with God; in attending the bedside of the dying, and in all the other duties of my ministry. Amid the struggles of my heart there was a keen satisfaction in vanquishing myself; in saying to myself, after a long day or gloomy night of sad reflections and regrets—"Hitherto I have been faithful; I do all that I think right; if I am wrong, at least God sees my good intentions. 'The spectacle of a man engaged with adversity, is worthy of heaven,' said an old philosopher. God is just, and he will reward my perseverance; for it is written in the book of Revelations, 'those who are pure shall follow the Lamb.'" I was encouraged by this thought--that gold is purer when it has passed through the fire.

But I was doomed to pass through another much more awful ordeal. The doubts, the horrible and freezing doubts, respecting my religion awaited me; entwined with my previous misfortunes, they devoured me like the serpents of Laocoon.

Hitherto my faith had been pure and entire. If some clouds of doubt arose in my mind, I quickly dispersed them; and I enjoyed peace on this score. The first time I cast a glance of distrust upon my belief my soul was seized with an unutterable pang; a poisoned arrow penetrated my bosom, and pierced my vitals. Previous to this I had always kept before my mind that I had two enemies to fight against: my body, the foe of purity, and my reason, the great foe of my faith. I had made it my study, my duty, to trample on both; the former by mortification and penances of every description, and the latter by blindness. Hitherto I never thought there was the least chance or possibility of error in my belief. Hitherto my miserable life had

been that of an oyster closely shut up in its shell. I had never made any use of my reason, never allowed it any liberty; never listened to any difficulty or objection against my faith. In my eyes it was the greatest crime to do so. In order to give neither my body nor my reason the power of revolting against me, I weighed down both with the heaviest burthens. My days, yea, a considerable part of my nights, were filled with exercises of piety, which allowed me no time to rest; my meditations, prayers, mass, breviary, beads, reading of pious books, confession, theology, occupied all my hours; and thus I walked, fettered and loaded like that stubborn animal which carries its burthen under the whip of its master without looking either to the right or to the left. I had been so enslaved by those exercises, that if by chance some uncommon occupation prevented me from performing them in the day, I fulfilled them in the night; and I never went to bed till all my beads were told. Although I was so slavish, there were some articles in my faith which had troubled me, because they contradicted natural feeling; for example, the eternal damnation of children who died without baptism. Having lost a little brother who had not received this sacrament, it was very painful to me to believe that his poor dear soul was for ever deprived of the sight of God; but this and some other rebellious motions of my reason, or rather of my heart, I smothered directly by this terrible answer: "The Church has said it; anathema to the man who contradicts the Church." Such had been my education that it is often a mystery to myself now to understand how I could get rid of my superstitions.

In the profound darkness created around me by the

continual reading and meditation of the works of Rodriguez, Dens and Sanchez, the pure and beneficent light of the Bible had never shone upon me. I had read it indeed, but with a certain hesitancy, the pusillanimity of a boy who fears to go out of prescribed limits; and with this capital dogma of the Roman Catholic Church—"It is not the particular mind of a Christian which must judge, but the spirit of the Church." If, therefore, I found in the Bible some passages which did not agree with my creed, immediately and without examination I condemned my reason. I sought refuge against my interpretations in the bosom of my Church, exclaiming—"I believe, O God, as thy holy Roman Catholic Church teaches, and all that she teaches."

There is nothing at all astonishing in this to one who knows human nature, to any one who knows that our mind is formed by our teachers. Napoleon has said, with his usual genius, that "the mind as well as the body was the work of one's mother." I had lost my mother too early; she was replaced by ignorant and superstitious teachers, who from my boyhood formed my mind like their own, that I might be, like them, a professed holy minister of the altar.

Such were my dispositions. I was enslaved, blind, ignorant, worshipping my creed, unable even to suppose that there was any truth outside my doctrine—Popery being, according to its own dictum, inspired by the Holy Ghost. On one occasion doubt and distrust seized upon me. I was one evening reading my New Testament, perusing with rapture the divine words of our Saviour, and I could not restrain tears of love at that matchless discourse before the last supper, when I

believed I heard a voice saying to me that I misunderstood the Scriptures. I started, and left the holy book, unable to read any more. From that hour I became as if possessed by a spirit which I could not define. Sitting at my side, it pursued me day and night, and did not leave me a moment at rest; I thought I heard it every instant telling me I was in error.

I had recourse to my spiritual weapons—the sign of the cross, acts of faith, elevations of my heart towards God, the use of holy water—to drive away the devil as I thought. I read again and again my theology, and all my books of piety. Was it not looking for light in the midst of darkness, poor ignoramus that I was? I examined my conscience to know if I had not committed some enormous crime deserving such terrible temptations; but after all my search I found nothing. I consulted my confessor, to whom I related my sufferings and my doubts. Alas! my confession was in vain to him; he did not understand me, he knew not what a doubt about his faith was; he had never made any use of his reason. I thought him a saint, but his holiness was a very singular one; he said his mass, breviary, beads, etc., mechanically, and with no more reflection than when he ate or drank. Such was the holy man to whom I opened my heart, hoping to obtain some relief, some help to my faith. But he answered—“You have always some odd ideas in your mind. Some months ago you told me that in confession you fell in love with a young lady; to-day you say you have no longer your faith. It is not possible; childishness, childishness all that; do not think of it. We are too happy to be born in the Roman Catholic Church which, by the assistance of God, directs and governs our belief.” He gave me

some penance, to pray, to fast, to kiss the floor of my room before going to bed, and so dismissed me.

I was thus reduced to my own resources, and I found myself in an indescribable state of mind. To love God with all the strength of one's soul, to desire to serve him according to his will; to have been fifteen years learning, studying, and devouring what was believed to be truth, and after all to doubt it; to long for the truth, and not be able to make a step toward it without fear of damnation; to be imprisoned, shut up in a narrow circle, out of which it is not possible to go without drawing down all the thunders of the Church; to be compelled to doubt whether one's creed is not absurd, and to have at the same time the conviction that the shadow of a doubt is a mortal sin, deserving all the fires of hell; to wish to believe, and yet not be able to do so; to feel that each article, one after another, is uprooted from one's mind by a superior strength, and to make the most violent exertions to retain them, as a man drawn between four horses gathers all his power to resist; to do all in one's power to answer objections, to remove doubt, and yet not be able to find any means nor any good answer; to feel that one loses God, heaven, truth, one's own soul, and to have no friendly bosom into which one can open one's mind and unburden its pains and suffering—such was my situation.

The condition of the traveller who, upon awaking, finds himself surrounded on every side by a thousand rattlesnakes, gives a just idea of my anguish. Like him I did not dare to make the slightest motion for fear of excommunication; I thought that I sinned each hour, that I deserved the curse of God, sometimes for my creed, sometimes for my doubt. At length I deemed that he



had forsaken me entirely, and that I was a prey to the devil.

In the meantime it was necessary to act, and, in spite of all my fears, to fulfil my functions; to say masses; to confess; and I was, by my very doubt, in mortal sin, while those functions require a perfect purity of conscience, under pain of damnation. Oh! what did I not suffer when I ascended the altar for the first time in this desperate disposition of mind! I am astonished how the frame of a man can bear such an ordeal and not sink. Arrived at the foot of the altar, I became almost beside myself; I was blind, not knowing what I said nor what I did, gazing at the crucifix before me, at the chalice, at the wafer, with a species of imbecility. But when the consecration arrived, when I was to pronounce the sacramental words, "*hoc est corpus meum*," "this is my body," I hesitated, not daring to utter them. I wished to stop there or pass over them; but the fear of another sin, called superstition (because the assistant people would have worshipped a mere wafer not changed into the body of Christ, for want of the words of consecration), determined me to pronounce them. I did pronounce them; but I thought firmly that the earth was going to be opened to swallow me. I started an instant in awful expectation; I thought I saw the demon rejoicing at my profanation of the body and blood of our Saviour, pouncing on me as his prey after this crime; I heard, in imagination, the cries of triumph of the infernal court, while the celestial court wept for my profanation; I heard Christ reproaching me for my hardness of heart for crucifying him again; I condemned myself as more cruel than the Jews; I saw the crucifix bleeding; all was bloody around me. I lost my

senses, and I cannot say whether or not I recited the prayer of the remainder. I found myself after mass, in the sacristy, wet through with perspiration; my cassock, alba, all my sacerdotal dresses were wet. I said I was sick, and I went to bed. Such is the story of my first mass after my doubt, but the words are far—very far from describing the reality. On the following day it was to begin again almost in the same manner, except some little variation, in the administration of the sacraments. I did not yet reject my creed; had I done so, I should not have suffered; but I could neither reject it nor believe it; hence my tortures.

From this time the whole aspect of nature was changed to me. A mournful, visionary light seemed to overspread its cheerful face; all my actions became poisoned, bitter, sinful, guilty. I did not draw a breath, I did not speak a word, in which I saw not a crime. The demon became my inseparable companion; it sat at my side every where—at table, in my room, in my confessional; it was in my bed when I slept, it ascended the altar with me. I saw it everywhere; at each instant my imagination showed it to me coming to seize upon me, and I shivered inwardly. The Romans and Greeks had placed their divinities in lakes, meadows, roads; but my superstition, on the contrary, peopled all those places with demons. In the south of France, where the skies are so beautiful, above all the skies of the evening, so varied, so red, so brilliant, I saw in those clouds, shaded with red and blue colors, only the fires of hell, only devils looking at me, threatening me, and laughing sneeringly at me. I said to myself, sadly and desperately, "It is then finished. I am banished from paradise; beautiful heaven! I shall never possess thee."

This state was not to be endured. I tried to ameliorate it, but vainly. Lying upon a bed of torture, as the Psalmist says, I had nobody to make it. I turned and turned myself as upon a gridiron, and on every side it was the same suffering. Each day I waited for the rise of the daybreak of truth, and I remained always in profound darkness. I sought for a guiding-thread in this labyrinth, and my researches were fruitless. I was wandering in this despairing wilderness of doubt, alone, without comfort or refreshment; on an unfathomable and boundless sea, without compass or star to direct my course. I was continually the sport of my fanaticism, which fermented in my head. A perpetual voice resounded in my ears, calling me heretic, impious priest, reproaching me with the benefits of God and the bad use thereof. Then I took my Bible, but from which I dared not yet draw all the utility that it should have afforded to me. I knelt, I kissed it piously. "Thou art," said I to it, "the very Word of God himself; thou comest not to mislead me; speak to me, reveal to me the truth, enlighten my mind, that I may understand thee."

Although my prejudices deprived me of a great deal of its benefits, I felt a great calm in reading those sacred pages. I felt that here, and only here, was truth, if truth was upon earth. I put this book in my bosom as a preventative against doubt, temptation, and the devil; but spoiling this rational idea by some superstition. I put also a small vial of holy water, a little bag of relics, and some images of my patrons tied upon my breast with my scapulary. All this gave me some assurance against my fiends, but of course did not free me from them.

One of my most painful sufferings was the necessity I underwent of concealing myself from my coarse and ignorant fellow-priests, who would have laughed at me because they cared no more about truth than about error. Provided they had plenty of food and wine, they left the world to go on in its own way, as they said. There was, however, a young vicar of twenty-four years of age, not yet corrupted by their intercourse, one of the most benevolent and tender hearts it was ever my lot to meet with. I loved him as a brother, and revered him as a saint. He guessed my sufferings without knowing their nature. One day he said to me tenderly, "I should have thought I deserved your confidence better. Why do you not trust me with your pains? Are you unaware that friendship is a boon of heaven, and that it reveals itself in misfortune?" His kindness, more striking yet by the hardness of others, won my heart; but he was so happy in his faith, his love of God, his purity of soul, that I respected his happiness; I feared to cause him to lose his tranquillity in communicating to him the contagion of my doubt and misfortune. I told him that my pains were of such a nature as to be revealed but to God, and I recommended myself to his prayers. Hence he came every day to my room, trying to draw me from my musing and melancholic mood. In fact, his innocence, his childish candor, his gaiety and virtue, were to me a source of blessing. Most excellent priest! thou wilt never hear of this book; but I deposit here my heartfelt thanks for thy kind friendship. God forbid that thy intercourse with thy unworthy fellows should have sullied thy amiable virtues.\*

\* This same estimable young priest, a few days after his arriving in our city, said to me, with tears in his eyes—"Oh! could you believe that I have discovered through the confessional, that a certain young girl was the mistress of a priest. Can such a thing be possible?" Poor young man! He was yet unskilled in the ways of the priesthood.

(To be continued.)





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## THE REFORMED CATHOLIC PASTORS.

There are many Christians of all denominations who desire to hear the Reformed Catholic pastors, and observe for themselves their methods of work. A very easy way of gratifying this natural desire is to ask the pastors of the churches, to invite them to speak to their congregations. As they have no Sabbath morning services they could preach for any Church during the spring and summer, or at the prayer-meetings on week days. Experience has proved that the Roman Catholics will come to hear them, when otherwise they would never enter a Protestant Church. Father O'Connor's recent visits to Pittsburg and Rochester are evidence of this. He has been invited again to Spencer, Mass., where there is already a little colony of good converted Catholics scattered among the various Protestant churches. Rev. James F. McNamee goes to Wilkesbarre, Pa., in May, for a week's work, but he wants other invitations besides for the summer. His address is 189 Raymond Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. His work in the "City of Churches" has been much blessed during the winter.

Rev. Stephen Dekins, the energetic pastor of the Reformed Catholic Church in Newark, has preached Sabbath mornings for various churches in that city, and will be happy to respond to all invitations for week days as well. His address is No. 13 Cottage Street, Newark, N. J. His friends and sympathizers gathered around him in his home and gave him a donation party on April 28th. Every encouragement given to Brother Dekins is well bestowed. His last report shows that he has one hundred converted Catholics in his church.

Rev. James A. O'Connor preached for the congregation of the People's Baptist Church on West 48th Street, New York, Sabbath morning, April 26th, and will be happy to speak in other churches if invited.

He has had another converted priest, Rev. Stephen O'Donnell, and a theological student, Rev. Wm. D. Fox, a graduate of the Jesuit College, to care for all through this year. It is hoped those gentlemen will be fully prepared for work in the Fall.

Those brethren ask no compensation for their services, even as they receive no salaries from the Reformed Catholic congregations to which they preach regularly. They trust in the Lord for food and raiment and all things necessary to carry on their work. Sometimes the "necessaries" come in abundance, and sometimes they do not. The Lord knows what is best.

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The size and price of "The Converted Catholic" will be doubled at the end of this volume. We will send the numbers from now till November to all new subscribers for Twenty-five cents. Will our old subscribers please help us to reach new ones on these terms?





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